

YOLUME 52.....NO. 18,540

JOLLY JOKERS OF FINANCE.

MAN separates from his money much more easily if tickled the while. And he'll almost forgive you afterward if you can only make him see how funny he looked.

The canny old Scotchman who described at the tried of the Steel Trust how he slyly busied himself unloading company after company on the other big fellows "just to keep himsel' out o' mischief and the reach o' chorus girls," and then when he had no more companies to sell went to Europe to rest from his labors, won not only rours of laughter from his hearers but delighted echoes from the entire nation.

To be sure, the fact that his achievements consisted largely in patting it all over the Trust probably heightens the public reliah. But even when the people are themselves the obvious victims they have a wonderful weakness for the joviel chap who works the shell game on them and then grine and pokes them in the ribs about it afterward.

When the late Jim Fiske, who had been doing a little "valorising" in Eries in the early '70s, asked by a testy public where a few millions more or less had gone to, rolled up his eyes and responded affally "where the woodbine twineth," many who had come to scowl

High finance should always choose for a handmaid-Humour For she hath of all arts most wonderful—that of "getting away

ALL THIS WAY.

THE Pressians are much upset over the prospective departure of the great Berlin musical conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, to resame the directorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, seed are postering their government to keep him in Germany at

Only the other day the British press was clapping its hands be-Lord Ourson had natied some old fireplace in the act of sneaking America and chained it up at home.

Paris is worried just now for fear a certain famous private colm of pictures destined for the Louvre may be already half fred to an American purchaser.

Poor old Europe! Forever shedding tears over the way its art es, musical geniuses and such swarm up the gangplanks of westd bound steamers! Even if the American millionaire stays at he has only to put his hand in his pocket and jingle what's se. Straightway the magic sound is heard afar and the next will bring him the best of Buropean "goods" to choose from.

When Mr. J. P. Morgan takes one of his walks on the Continent methons of Europe go into fits of excitement trying to make him hay things they don't want themselves and keeping him from getting to oyo on their special treasures.

They might as well give it up. Things are coming our way, and so only thing to do is to let 'em come. Europeans must make up their minds that presently they will have to run over here from time to time when they want to see their own best pictures and hear their own boot music.

our rapid transit developments, our marvellous rushings to and fre, don't forget the amusing distances we travel daily in the up and on shoots—the vertical mileage of modern life!

HOMAS W. LAWSON, in a display advertisement in the Boston papers, announces himself a candidate for the Senate of these United States.

Well, why not? Let's put a little "frenzy" into the Connel Record and start up the circulation.

Letters from the People

der storm season is coming And city folk will go out to the not I was right in doing as I did. metry on Sundays and get caught in m: Don't get under a tree in a To the Ester of The Evening World:

I object to the fashion mandate which sterm. Don't sit by an open win-commands men to put on straw hats on Held no metal in your hand. Keep June 15 and take them off on Sept. 15. rm. Don't sit by an open winseek by lightning keep him out of comfortable headgear a man can wear. will be late again and Gertrude wants one in the rain, pour gallons and gal-why not let him wear it from April to November? Also why not make caps artificial respiration on him. But, fashionable for winter? OBSERVER.

special advice. Now I'd like to ask a commuter? I travel to and from the commuter? I travel to and from the commuter?

commuter? I travel to and from the suburbs every day. And hardly ever due that there is no record of a time content hause being destroyed or set the by lightning?

BROOKLYN DOCTOR.

A Subway Knight Movant.

BROOKLYN DOCTOR.

A Subway Knight Movant.

The other evening, riding uptown in the fact of the Susing Wedd:

The other evening, riding uptown in the Subway in the runh hour, I saw alone moment the car with a straight information. Who can fine the set as she was to est form. (She moved slowly, hama.) I explained to him that I had effect the peat and I asked him to get up. In a foreign arount he had? I know my rights? and set all. I took him by the collar, as set with a straight at few him to one side while the last as a few while the last as the while the college of the while the college of the strain. There are the was thereof the sent as the word of six balls each. These all went considerably higher than the vana, and were found in the advocately close, on the north side of the High sevet.—Gias-gow News.

illy) in my own turn. Is it suburbs every day. And hardly ever

with him. I didn't hurt him. I don't

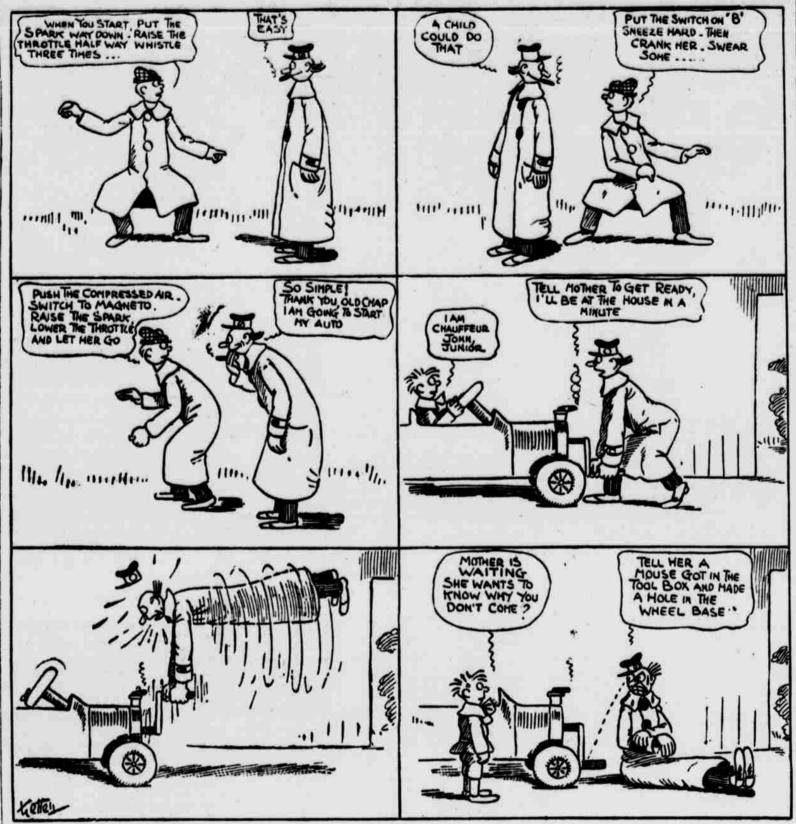
want to be thought a bully. So I ask

A Robellion Against Pashion.

readers to tell me frankly whether or gave him some money to run out and not I was right in doing as I did.

A. T. continued the worried mother. "And

John, the Chauffeur & (* The Full World Co.) 98 By Maurice Ketten



By Coroll she's grumbles way made "West

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HIRE to that boy?" oried

time going to the window and looking long and anxiously down upon the teeming Harlem street below

evening paper, grunted as he swayed his knees to one side to give Mrs. Jarr

standing room by the window where he read in the creaking old Morris chair.

Mrs. Jarr could have gone to the other front window and not bothered Mr. Jarr, but the ruling passion with the ladies is: "When annoyed annoy everybody else."

"I sent him to wash his hands, and I

what can be delaying him?"
"Don't know. Can't say!" said Mr.

to go out. How can I keep a girl if

A Novelty.

Decoration Day?"

Lost, Strayed or Stolen:-Willie Jarr and a Half-Pound of Butter

she's grumbling and not satisfied at the | "But it's early yet. And a minute or

"He used to come sliding up to the

"But, you know, that Pinkerton fel-

The Conquests Of Constance II.-THE (SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR AT THE HOTEL RICH.) DIVORCE-

By Alma Woodward CATCHER Coppeight, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World). BE, what a hotness!" Constance any quicker! You wouldn't think to sighed, and mopped the damp look at me that I got the soul secrets gold ringlets on her forehead. of twenty-six millionaires under that

J "An' I ain't had bunch of invisible hairpins, would you?"

a single personal And, mistaking my shocked expression word over these for one of unadulterated admiration, wires since I come she rattled on. en this morning. The second on the list was a smash An' a gentleman ing looking chap; the kind that shows friend of mine was where his shoulders join his arms going to take me spite of a real English ragian! An' he to one of them had a split chin. Some one slammed carabet things to- him once with a tennis racket and the night. He could dent never come out, he said. But it

called up a looked like a real temper - mental dozen times for all dimple! I know, 'cause all the wires has been busy all day an' that Gerrard central board nice and easy and drop a box hates the sight of me, so she wouldn't of candy or a bunch of flowers into my turn in no personal message for me." lap and then he'd say: Would you be "What's everybody phoning about" kind enough to give me Cupid's num-Why should it be so busy some days ber? You know it made a 'nawful hit

"Oh, I don't know. But it just seems some sense in mush, when all of a on these kind of days people sin't got sudden the night operator slips me a nothin' to do but gas over the phone.
Nothin' to hear, neither. You know when you get your ear sizzled listening keeping tabs on his nibs, because the to some deep purple stuff—real tangled lady that took the altar-trip with him up gush, you know, an' things like that five short years before had sort of ach by one of Master Jarr's pitched, -it's worth working for. An' there's lost her taste for him an' was going balls. always the chance of being slipped fifty to cut the tow-line! to set the little 'this-is-now-it-mappened' well, you could have some in all trades, you knew he had a boudoir cap party on the other half of his ticket at all! But this tea-and-mik-toast the other half of his ticket at all! But 'Naw, yuh don't get no base!" chor-

"Do you get much of the 'keep-it-"Do you get much of the 'keep-itdark' stuff in a hotel like this?"
low got this poor boy so fuzzled that
"Well, it's kind of slow just at this no matter whether any one was followtime of year-during the season-Deing him or not, he'd go 'round brushtritial customs of cave men or the wolf necessities. Taxes are included in the brightens up quite some, though. Say, had the d. t's. did I ever tell you about the guy who got stuck on me just about the time his -an' watching him always twisting his called the game.

And some day, when I marry a million, nation. I hated to do it. But, mygosh, chased a firm half-pound in the nearest get a job paying twelve simpleons a "How are you going to celebrate I'm going to get 'em out of my system it's hard enough nowadays to get any store and excused Master Willie to his week.

| Constitution | C "By going to a ball game without book'll do to the upper ten! Say, orth having an automatic rubberneck as a having to give a fake excuse to the it from me, if there was a smallpox handicap. Don't you know it is, your-sees."

Sees." scare here, the get-away wouldn't be self?"

"Well, I'll go out and look for him it poy to in the store for the butter. But you want me to," grumbled Mr. Jarr, you want me to," grumbled Mr. Jarr, you know how cierks are. They wait now an ardent suffragette, with her all afternoon and was feeling the influence

"You'd better look in at the moving as Mr. Jarr reached the door. "I can' trust those children with a five-cent piece since the crase for the 'movies.' as they call them, has all the young ones simply beyond one's control?"
"Umbuh," assented Mr. Jarr, and started down the stairs.

Mrs. Jarr leaned over the balustrade and advised him to look in Muller's grocery, because, although she had directed Master Jarr to go to the butter and egg store, Muller seduced the youth of the neighborhood by targess of gingersnaps or stick candy to bring cash trade to him.

But Master Jar was not at the 'movies.' The ticket taker vouched for that, and he knew Master Jarr well. "We ain't runnin' no reels jist now It's supper time," said the ticket taker. Master Jarr was not at Muller's grovery, nor was he in the butter and vacant lot, inclosed with high billboards, heard the voice of his child.

"Aw, I didn't hurt yuh, yuh big baby!" the voice of his child was saying. And Mr. Jarr peered through a crack in the billboards to behold Master Gussie Bepler writhing in pain on the ground. and Master Jarr and Master Slavinsky gathered around crying "Cry baby!" with me and I was beginning to see "Cowardy calf!" and other taunting and derisive epithets.

"You got to step away from my in-And it was apparent Master Bepler able to shoulder it. The bulk of the

"Don't I get me base?" whimpered the "Well, you could have knocked me unfortunate batsman, as he picked him-

word exchange don't hold no attractions I liked him too much to can him right used the others. "Yer out fer gittin' in the way of a pitched ball!"

January and February - it ing things off n his shadow, like he pick, proceeded to drub the unfortunate cost of everything. Master Bepler to make him hurry. "An' my nerves ain't strong, anyway Mr. Jarr rapped on the fence and through the death of his father, to

humble, there's no game like baseball! fortune has grown. And the tenants on for punishment."



Man, as the Rib sank, with a ravishing bow, into the seat just pro-fered her by a nice young man. Oh, yes, I did need to," she cooed delightedly.

Well, you needn't have thanked him as though he had handed you a bund!) of Steel stock or a diamond tiars-and so that the whole car could hear, that!" grumbled the Mere Man.
"That's just what I did it for," rejoined the Rib.

"So that the whole car could hear," she explained patiently. "I WANTED to attract attention. That's my mission in life, Mr. Cutting." "To attract attention?" inquired the Mere Man bitterly. "Or to bestow lan-

guishing emiles on strange young cubs?"
"Neither," replied the Rib. "To foster and encourage masculine courtesy. To revive and stimulate the lost art of chivalry. To promote the interests of woman, by promoting man's interest IN her. To dig up the antique graces and obsolete sentiments, and restore them to fashion and popularity again. Isn' it a great mission, Mr. Cutting?"
"Great!" exclaimed the Mere Man satirically. "To fill the world with

sweetness and light—and conceiled young pupples! Why don't you form a Mamma's Boys' Club, and give lectures on 11?"

Because I don't believe in lecturing, or arguing, or reasoning returned the Rib cheerfully, "but in-er-stimulating them. You can't make a small boy keep his face clean by telling him how horrid he looks when he doesn't wash it, but by telling him how handsome and manly he looks when he does. It's merely a matter of holding the right thought before a man's mindthe thought of how wonderful he is. You can't shame him into good behavior. but you can always flatter him into it."

"H'm" commented the Mere Man laconically. "Well, you succeeded to shaming that young rascal before the whole crowd"-

"Nonsense!" returned the Rib. "It may have embarrassed him a teeny weeny bit, just as it embarrasses you to be told that you have done somethin noble or that you have a perfect nose or a wonderful mind. But he liked itjust as you do. And even if he hadn't, the one must be sacrificed to the man; "And it's always the virtuous one who is sacrificed," rejoined the Mere Mar-

"Yes," agreed the Rib cheerfully. "It's always the poor, innocent fattel calf. But I'm simply sowing seed, Mr. Cutting. Chivalry is the carest flower of modern life; and if we are going to cultivate it, we must water it with courtesy, and coax it into blossom with flattery and smiles. The only way to persuale a man to do anything you want is to tell him what a figure he out when he does it. Now, the young man who offered me this seat doesn't coun! at all in the equation; it's the twenty-five men who did NOT offer me a seat w whom I am working. I calculate that at least twelve out of the twenty-fivsaw what a graceful and impressive figure the young man out, and that at least six out of the twelve will rise like faithful little 'jacks in the box' the next time they see a woman standing."

"And then be sorry they did it when she plumps down into the reat without a word of gratitude." added the Mere Man. "If the modern woman had retained the courtesy of the sweet old-fashioned woman she would have retain all the devotion and chivalry of-of"-

"Of the sweet, old-fashioned man?" put in the Rib helpfully. It's the 'sweet old-fashioned woman' who plumps down into a seat as though she were doing a man a favor, and lets her precious babe rub its moddy feet all over him. When the modern business girl DOES get a seat or a kind offered her, she is so overcome wih astonishment and gratitude that she feel like going down on her knees and thanking the donor with tears in her eyes. It's the 'sweet old-fashioned woman' who takes everything that is coming he way as a matter of course; who accepts the courtesies and attentions and sacrifices of men as her right. Of course they ARE her right; and she doesn't owe man even a nod of acknowledgment in return for his little old five-cent seal He's got his vote; and she's got her privileges-BUT she'll soon lose them in these days of equality if she doesn't learn to say 'Thank you,' and 'Please, kin.' sir,' instead of just grabbing them, like a spoilt child."

"She's lost them already," declared the Mere Man. "It's been ten years since I offered a woman my seat in a street car out of courtesy."

Then, why do you offer it to her at all?" inquired the Rib. "Out of pity, if she's old," explained the Mere Man, "and out of self-respect, she's young. A chap who's been brought up by a gentle mother feels so-sort f funny, sitting down while a woman is standing," and the Mere Man flushe

"They DO cut a rather poor figure," said the Rib giancing down the line of recumbent ones, and then up at the Mere Man who clung to a strap in front of her, "beside YOU," she added softly, but distinctly.

The Week's Wash By Martin Green.

cht, 1912, by The Press Pul g Co. (The New York World) DE," remarked the Head the property have been paying

Polisher, "I've been reading taxes. the figures on the cost of the "The time is coming when p new subways, and like this lad will have to cough up their



MARTIN GREEN.

it seems to me proportionate share of the expense of be running the city monds."

is no piker town.
We are going to
spend hundreds
of millions en our subways because we can afford to blow

ourselves for what we need. We've been waiting and waiting for subways, and now when they are in sight gentlemen are cutting in with objections that they are going to pile a load on the taxpayers.
"Thus far I haven't noted any kicks

from the real taxpayers—the people who have to use the subways in travelling to and from their work. The cost of the subways will be returned to the people in the increased value of the prope benefited by the distribution of the population. "Posterity will have to pay for the

subways we are about to build. And by the time posterity comes to settle there will doubtless be a different method in vogue of collecting the coin.

"At the present time the entire burden of taxes is borne by those

ach by one of Master Jarr's pitched and buy food and clothing and other



"Recently a boy of this city fell heir, more than \$100,000,000, mostly in city real bead to see who was behind him give | Master Jarr came creeping under the estate. This boy has never turned his "What was his number?" me the nervous twitch in my neck, an' fence with a wooden dish full of half- hand in honest labor. He has never "Two. Oh, I got them all ticketed Ma was afraid I was going into St. melted butter. Mr. Jare selzed this, carned a dollar, and if forced to depend threw it back in the vacant lot, pur- on his own efforts would be pressed to

"The boy couldn't help himseld." sented to his ancestors by the City ord "Game he is," conceded the Laura Nor could ite. Besides: Be it ever so New York. As the town has grown the Man. "A game party and a glutter

figuring on gold 'The big load we are pursue them to rails and platinum who are to come will rouse them to action. They will wake up some of devise a plan by which

therefrom to a large extent, while those who have not shall be exempt from plied the Laundry cutting loose from same.

Who Sald "Sic 'Em?"

66" HAT uprising in Cuba," said the Head Polisher, "must be come rise, the way we're rushing fighting men down there."

nighting men down there.
"Not being on the ground," said the
Laundry Man, "I wouldn't say the
revolution is a fake, but I'll bet a seeson ticket to a recreation pler against seat reservation in Central Park a



place to this question. Who started it? Who staked the Cuban colored man and brother to uprise with force Cuba would be benefited by having the island swept into the United States or the ground that the Cubans are un to govern themselves?

Take it from me those Cuban revel tions are boosted. Who is sending alon get their pay? Maybe if the Government did a little investigating along this line it wouldn't be necessary to send marines and soldiers to Cuba ris at the beginning of the hot weather

"that President Taft is game

'The revolution in itself takes

Still in the Ring.

SEE," said the Head Po